This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

I. Bocfy, American

NB!

Morris

# METRICAL MUSINGS.

# METRICAL MUSINGS:

BY

M. & C. M. MORRIS.

---

The circle where my youthful rhymes
With fond applause were spoken;
Has changed, alas! with changing times,
Is broken!—ah! is broken! GOETHE.

---

NEW YORK:
R. CRAIGHEAD, PRINTER, 53 VESEY STREET.

1856.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
968619A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1928 L

# CONTENTS.

## Part I.

[POEMS BY MARIA MORRIS.]


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Fifth Chapter of St. Matthew, | 11 |
| On hearing lines by a Blind Girl, on the death of the Rev. Dr. Milnor, | 13 |
| Electric Telegraph, | 15 |
| Dedication of a Centenary Church, | 17 |
| To a Watch, | 19 |
| My Mother's Birthday, | 21 |
| All-Hallow E'en, | 23 |
| Christmas-Day, | 24 |
| On Sitting for a Portrait, | 26 |
| "The Mourners go about the Street," | 27 |
| Death of a Pastor (The Rev. Dr. Cogswell), | 29 |
| The Centenary of Nova Scotia, | 31 |
| A Mother closing the eyes of her Child in Death, | 34 |
| The Close of the Year, | 36 |
| A Congregation at Prayer during the last hours of the Year, | 38 |


BI EB 19 FEB '36

PAGE

THE HARVEST MOON, . . . . . 40
POETRY DEFINED, . . . . . 42
RHYME UNDEFINED, . . . . . 44
ON A SYRINGA, . . . . . 46
REMEMBRANCE, . . . . . 48
THE BOA, . . . . . 50
THE MISSIONARY BRIDE, . . . . . 52
DEATH OF DR. JUDSON, . . . . . 54
CHRISTMAS, . . . . . 56
PESTILENCE AT BERMUDA, . . . . . 58
ON A MILITARY CHAPEL, . . . . . 60
BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY, . . . 62
THE NEW ARM-CHAIR, . . . . . 64
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, . . . . . 66
MAY FLOWER, . . . . . 68
CORONATION OF VICTORIA, . . . . . 70
WITH A GIFT BIBLE, . . . . . 72
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, . . . . . 73
THE LABURNUM, . . . . . 75
ANOTHER CHRISTMAS, . . . . . 77
ON RECOVERING A PAIR OF SPECTACLES SUPPOSED TO BE LOST, . . . . . 79
IN SORROW, . . . . . 81
PRAYER, . . . . . 83
AFTER-THOUGHTS, . . . . . 85
TRUST IN GOD, . . . . . 87
ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. R. LUSHER, . . 89

# Part II.

## POEMS BY CATHERINE M. MORRIS.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| GREENWOOD, | 93 |
| "UN SENTIER D'OU JE NE REVIENDRAI PLUS," | 97 |
| THE CHILD OF THE ALPS, | 100 |
| HOURS OF PRAYER, | 103 |
| MAY, | 105 |
| SLEEP, | 110 |
| THE POET'S PEN, | 112 |
| RESPONSE TO THE POET'S PEN, | 116 |
| MOONLIGHT, | 118 |
| ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD, | 119 |
| TO THE ABSENT, | 121 |
| UNWRITTEN MUSIC, | 123 |
| STANZAS, | 126 |
| REALMS OF THOUGHT, | 127 |
| FRAGMENTARY POEM, | 129 |
| STANZAS—A WAFTED THOUGHT, | 131 |
| MEMORY, | 133 |
| CHANSON POUR LE PEUPLE, | 135 |
| SONG, | 137 |
| TO THE ABSENT, | 138 |
| TO THE OLD YEAR, | 140 |
| TOUJOURS LE MEME, | 143 |
| ON THE DEATH OF TWIN CHILDREN, | 144 |

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE REV. R. LUS.

# POEMS

BY

## MARIA MORRIS.

## FIFTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.

FATHER of spirits—lead me to the mount,
That Rock so high—whence issued Mercy's fount!
Where He who spoke as never mortal can,
Gave His mild precepts—for the good of man.
The poor, the humble poor, were first His care,
And what for them? Such as He might prepare;
Reversion—great and high—to them is given,
If faithful here—hereafter theirs is Heaven!—
What for the mourners? Ah! if here they mourn,
In goodly sort—their grief to joy shall turn!
What for the meek? Whatever be their birth,
Yet shall they find a portion on the earth!
And those who hunger for the bread of Heaven,
Wells of Salvation shall to them be given!
What for the merciful? When they appear,

A free access to Mercy's open ear!
But see that train who seek their bright abode,
That spotless train—for they shall see their God!
And lo! this train, whom nothing shall offend,
Their peace is made—their Father is their friend!
In these—for Him they suffer loss and care,
They have an antidote—redress is there!
When men revile, and mock, and mar, and slay,
The cause is still with Him who can repay.
Rejoice at the "exceeding great reward,"
Prophets shall meet and lead you to your Lord!

## ON HEARING LINES BY A BLIND GIRL,

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. MILNOR.

THE visual ray obscured—yet can she write,
Through Him who once hath said "Let there be Light;"
Yet can she pierce beyond that last sad bourne,
From whence her Pastor never can return!
Can scale with him that far transcendent height,
Where souls, released, still live in floods of light.
Mental perception takes her to his place,
She sees the top-stone—hears the shouts of grace!
"Grace unto it"—'mid glory shall be given,
The blind shall find the path to reach that Heaven.
Surpassing wonders, thro' this medium seen,
The lame shall leap—the leper shall be clean!

Who would not catch a ray of this her light?
Who would not soar with her that wondrous
height?
She sees her venerated Pastor there,
And follows on the wings of faith and prayer.
Poor blind girl!—may we emulate thy flight,
And reach that Heaven where there is no more
night.

## ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

How wondrous this Electric power,
That gives the tidings to the hour,
And though far distant, speeds in haste
O'er smiling fields or barren waste.
In vain the boding heart would stay
Intelligence that wafts its way,
Joyous or evil—on it flies—
To glad the ear or dim the eyes!
And if so sure this creature skill,
What are the workings of His will,
Who holds in his almighty hand
The destinies of sea and land?
The cattle on a thousand hills
And all that this vast concave fills—
The systems of each radiant orb,
That still our thinking powers absorb;

Who formed the subtle fire on high,
And darts it through the glowing sky!
Mortals must wonder and adore,
Man's reasoning powers can do no more
Than love Him, where they cannot trace,
For all his gifts of skill and grace!
Fear Him whose wonders are abroad,
Worship—for He alone is God!
This God who bears such wondrous sway,
Cares for the creatures of a day!
He can avert the clouds that lower,
Subduing all things by His power!

## DEDICATION OF A CENTENARY CHURCH.

Be it a church for Thee, O Lord!
Sole and entire for Thee,
To promulgate Thy sacred word—
That sets the sinner free!—
Be it a temple for His praise,
Who fills all time and space,
Where ransomed ones their voices raise
As trophies of His grace!—
Be it a refuge, where to flee
And find salvation there,
For ever, dedicate to Thee,
Be it a house of prayer!
Simple its doctrines—clear and true,
May every seeker find,
Untrammelled by sectarian view,

Or dogma of the mind.
Oh! God of Truth, send down Thy light,
Let no dark cloud obscure,
On every heart, thy laws to write
That they may long endure!
Once not a people!—let them now
Be numbered in Thy lot.
Deign to accept their offered vow,
Hence, never more, forgot!
And let this latter house still stand,
A monument to Thee!
Cemented both by heart and hand,
By this its Jubilee!

## TO A WATCH.

Beauteous and strange, thy mechanism rare,
Invention's masterpiece! for thou canst teach;
No lustrous gem can yet with thee compare,
Thy lesson to Eternity may reach!—

Encased in precious metal thou mayest be,
For thou dost tell of far more precious time,
No bauble—but a monitor to me,
Minutely pointing to a fairer clime!

A thing of Time—thou teachest time to mark,
Thy tiny numerals have each a voice;
Thou seem'st almost to breathe a vital spark,
Presenting good or evil to our choice!

Thy minutes are the golden sands that fall
  Into the pathway of each waning day—
Thy days the chronicles without recall,
  That bear us and our fleeting years away!

## MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

My Mother! this is Hallow-E'en,
In joy or sorrow thou hast been,
The same in every varied scene,
My mother!

My mother, thou art failing fast,
And every day seems like thy last,
Bearing the mark of each one past,
My mother!

Thy whitened hair so thinly spread,
On thy now weak, but reverend head,
And almost numbering with the dead—
Another!

Thy pallid cheek—thy waning eye,
Few things in Time can now descry,—
Stretch them beyond—for thou must die!
My mother!

Thus feeble nature works its way,
Thy cravings few, and short thy day,
But thou hast still the strength to pray,
My mother!

May aught that I have done or said,
To grieve thy heart, or pain thy head,
Be buried deep as sea-girt dead!
My mother!

May he who sits in Heaven above,
Dispensing mercy, grace, and love,
Thy latest—truest friend now prove,
My mother!

Keeping for thee a mansion fair,
Sorrow can never enter there,
And praise shall take the place of prayer!
My mother!—

## ALL-HALLOW E'EN.

The night of Trysting, mystery, and fear,
The night that comes with every coming year!
The night in which, if anything's forgot,
We may not fail to think of Burns and Scott!

Gaily the one with legendary skill,
Sang of the projects of the Wizard's will,
While he,—the Bard—with magic all his own,
Gave us the mem'ries of the Trysting stone!

Yet here are memories of "Auld Lang Syne,"
Fresh, vivid, clear,—these memories are mine,
They take me back to things that once have been,
Lo! they are here again!—'Tis Hallow E'en.

## CHRISTMAS-DAY.

The absent—the absent—recalled by this day,
Though far off their place, and for ever away
From their seat at the board, from their place at the hearth,
From sweet infancy's prattle and carol of mirth;
Yet for many and many a year, should they come,
Will the look and the voice in my heart find a home!
And that name seldom spoken, or uttered with fear,
As a sound that must ever be dulled with a tear,
Still cherished, and loved, and relinquished with pain,
Nor addressed to the loved one for ever again!

O God! the disposer of every event,
The donor of all—either given or lent,
Correcting in mercy—Thou still hast a part,
Write gratitude now on this murmuring heart!
Thou hast dealt not in rigor—but chastened in love,
Almighty Disposer—my Father, still prove,
The residue keep—by thy merciful care,
Protect when in danger, and guard from each snare.
Be their wisdom and stay through the lapse of each year,
When called to Thy mansions, let each one be there!

## "THE MOURNERS GO ABOUT THE STREET."

How many mourners go about the street,
And sable is the garb of most we meet;
Friends called away from the domestic hearth,
Or snatched by war which desolates the earth.
Some on a bed of languishing are laid,
Waiting their summons—not of Death afraid:
Protracted suffering helps but to prepare,
And He who smoothes their pillow, soothes their care!
He who sustains the weary limbs and head,
He who in sickness makes their patient bed,
Who mitigates to bear the present doom,
By prospect of the Rest that is to come!
Who dares to doubt the wonders of His power?
Not they who trust the mediatorial hour!

Not they who, sheltered in a Saviour's love,
Believe 'tis better that they should remove,
Who calls them from the friends they there shall
meet,
Though many mourners go about the street,
Help us—O God! to lay it to our heart,
We too shall soon be summoned to depart.

## DEATH OF A PASTOR.

THE REV. W. COGSWELL.

Weep not—but give him to his friend above!
Sealed with His seal of everlasting love!
Nor may the brethren of his native place,
To whom he ministered in truth and grace,
Faithful in word and doctrine, and approved,
His precepts cherished, and his person loved!
These will suppress the tear—the sigh restrain,
Remembering that he taught "to die is gain!"
And shall the church—the most of all bereaved?
She must submit—however pained or grieved,
Seeing 'tis the good pleasure of His will,
Who builds or breaks—but is our Father still;
She, militant, the contest still must meet,
While he, triumphant, bows at Jesu's feet.

Well did he occupy his life's short day,
By heavenly wisdom lighted all the way,
His talents doubled—and his great reward,
To be henceforth "for ever with the Lord."
The church triumphant takes him to her rest,
His starry crown shines now among the blest!

## THE CENTENARY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

All hail! the hundredth year!
Ye Fathers of the land,
Stand forth with hoary Time,
A venerable band!

And smile upon your youth,
A bright and rising train:
Their banner, "Temperance and Truth,"
Best shield for battle plain!

The scythe of Time hath mown
Your Fathers from their place;
Ye and your sons have proudly grown,
And may not these disgrace!

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Mercies have crowned your days,
Through all these favored years:
And he who marked out all your ways,
Has kept your eyes from tears!

Light shone upon your path,
Religion's halo given;
That you by knowledge, love, and faith,
Might find your way to Heaven!

Bounties have filled your land,
Your granaries have smiled;
And has this long unaltered good,
Your gratitude beguiled!

The demon of misrule
  Is stalking wide abroad,
The infidel and fool
  Have said, There is no God!

If change and chastening come,
  Is there who may complain?
We see from far the fearful doom,
  And venerate His name!

Salvation girds our land,
  And Righteousness our shore,
Sound forth, ye hoary band,
  His praise for evermore!

## A MOTHER CLOSING THE EYES OF HER CHILD IN DEATH.

YES! she who joyed to ope them at her birth,
Now meekly closes them to all on earth!
What hand so gently could the lids dispose,
Or lay them for their long and last repose!
The effort was of love, 'tis done, and now,
How fair the marble of th' unruffled brow;
Even by the chill remains is hope expressed,
While the glad spirit soars to endless rest!
'Twas the bright hope of meeting her above,
That armed the mother with this suffering love;
Long had she watched her pillow, dried her tears,
A mother and a friend from infant years!
A patient inmate of the sufferer's room,
Since pale disease had marked her for its doom;
To pine for that returning health denied,

Though every other comfort was supplied!
A mother's ceaseless care around her still,
Teaching of resignation to His will
Who brings relief when He is made our trust,
Too wise to err—too good to be unjust;—
Oh! teach us each in sorrow thus to say,
Praised be His name, who gives and takes away.

## THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR!

Thou too art gone—eventful year!
And carriest in thy train,
All but the reminiscences
Of sorrow, grief, and pain!

And thou hast been the epoch made—
Of chastening all deserved,
Taken a father and a friend—
And still are we preserved!

But what awaits us in the "New?"
Its calends hasten fast,
We've been unfaithful and untrue,
Through many a year that's past!

And what are we? The present now
Is fleeting from our span,

Our purposes—our acts—our vow
Repeat—"Lord,—what is man?"

Oh! help us in the coming time,
If time Thou giv'st us here;
Preserve us still, Almighty God!—
Through the ensuing year!

If any should be summoned hence,
Strengthen their hope and trust!
Accept their plea—let them appear,
In dwellings of the Just!

## A CONGREGATION AT PRAYER DURING THE LAST HOURS OF THE YEAR!

LORD! while the solemn moments pass,
Let truth Thy mirror, in its glass,
Show each his naked soul,
Polluted, marred, and ruined quite;
Oh! give them that transcendent light—
By which they may be whole!

And grant that they may see the while
The Cross! the beckoning Saviour's smile,
Beaming with grace divine!
Give them to know his saving power,
And let them—from this sacred hour,
Be ever—ever Thine!

And let them hence take note of Time,
As bearing to a happier clime,

Where changes are unknown!
Where wide and limitless the space,
Where high and boundless is the grace,
Where glory is Thy throne!

## THE HARVEST MOON.

Oh! go not soon—thou harvest moon!
But fair in beauty shine.
Smiles wait thy ray, to light their way,
And thankful hearts are thine!

Thou lamp from Him, who sends the staff
By whom our hopes are sped;
The valleys sing—the hills shall laugh—
For this our daily bread!

Thanks be to Him, who bade thee shine
In pity to our race,
His light he emanates in thine,
Fair symbol of his grace!

Sweet orb! I ever loved thy light,
And with admiring gaze,
Beheld thee rising on the night,
And felt a heart to praise!

## POETRY DEFINED.

'Tis the thought and the strain and the local design,
'Tis the theme that sweet heaven for ever was thine,
'Tis simplicity clothed in the language of truth,
'Tis the wisdom of age, with the impulse of youth,
'Tis the sensitive pulse that would shrink from disdain,
That would pity proud dignity—soothe gentle pain,—
The eye that is ready and quick to discern,
And the heart that's most happy in meeting return!
'Tis the heightener of beauty—the lustre of love,
'Tis a spirit unearthly—it comes from above!

'Tis the sweetener of life, and sorrow's best boon,
It will foster submission—turn night into noon!
'Tis a sweet emanation from light and from love,
'Tis a talent, and surely 'twas given to improve,
If the theme and the strain and the local design
Be inspired by a spirit and subject divine;
Then perfection may follow—look not for it here—
It may soar—but must first reach its own native sphere.

## RHYME UNDEFINED.

THERE is reason in all things but Rhyme,
In all things there's Poetry too;
I'll sing, if I ever have time,
Of the thing that makes Poetry true!

It is not a fancy or flight,
Nor the strains that amount to bombast;
'Tis not the impromptu—at sight,
Nor the song that was never surpassed!

Nor high-sounding words on a string,
That frights simple meaning away;
Nor story of hero or king—
The pride or the dread of his day.

I thought I would tell—but forgot—
The thing I had dreamed it to be;
I only can say what 'tis not,—
'Tis not anything written by me!

## ON A SYRINGA.

Pale Syringa, thou dost bloom,
While the hand that placed thee there
Hastens to the shadowy tomb—
Done with all on Earth that's fair.

Thou art beautifully green,
With thy waxy white arrayed,—
She is done with Earth's bright sheen,
Numbered with the silent dead.

Thou dost grace the cottage-wall,
Drinking in the air and light,—
She is covered with a pall,
Heavy with the gloom of night.

Transient, thou may'st bloom again,—
She will rise, no more to die,

She a child of grief and pain,
Transplanted to the upper sky.

Through a Saviour's love and power,
Did she learn to give up all,—
Her only hope in that last hour,
Was upon His name to call.

## REMEMBRANCE.

My Mother! while thy form was here,
We gazed with lingering love,
Still mingled with affection's tear,
To think thou wouldst remove.

But shall we not with wonder gaze,
When we shall meet again,
Where tears are dried—where prayer is praise,
Where joy precludes all pain!

Ah! yes—thy trust has not been vain,
In that Almighty friend,
For thou hast found "to die is gain,"
Where praise shall never end!

Sure, thou hast found it better far,
To be with Him above,
Where grief—nor pain—nor care shall mar
That ceaseless Song of Love!

## THE BOA.

The soft insinuating Boa,
A fashion older far than Noah;
They call it new—but by their leave,
'Twas introduced by Mother Eve.
It played and serpentined around her,
With its soft spell or charm it bound her,
Beguiled and lured her from her duty,
Yet is it called "the line of Beauty."
Hogarth—most skilful in his way,
Admired it at a distant day.
And amateurs—at all times civil,
Still countenance the lurking evil.
Now Eve's fair daughters—one and all—
The Boa made our Mother fall!
Admire the shape—the air, the twine,
The swing—the trail of Serpentine;

And though old Satan took the guise,
The more do they admire and prize;
All other fashions must surrender
To this said form of the offender;
Muffs—vandykes—pelerines, and all,
I fear will have a deadly fall.
The Boa now will mark the grade
Of every fair or brunette maid,
Nor lady-mothers hence shall check
This best of fashions for the neck!

## THE MISSIONARY BRIDE.

Devoted wife !—make fast the tie,
Be ever at his side,
A helpmate now—to live or die,
The Missionary's Bride !

Devoted !—not to him alone
Who asks thy gentle aid,
But to that Power which makes thee one,
Whose cause thou hast essayed !

The altar sanctifies the gift,
'Tis widely understood,
He bids thee do "some greater thing,"
Thy path is on the flood !

And should he point where icebergs frown,
Where lies perpetual snow,

He still can bring the mountains down,
Scattering the mists below!

Or shouldst thou dwell in Burmah's plains,
Fanned but by torrid air,
He can allay thy cares and pains,
And answer every prayer!

Oh! God of Missions—crown their deed,
And bless the wedded pair,
And waft them by thy spirit's speed,
And still be with them there!

Surrendered, home, and friends, and all,
They give themselves to Thee!
Acknowledging Thy gracious call,
Still their protector be!

## DEATH OF DR. JUDSON.

Thine, Judson, was a venerated name,
And still must live in lists of pious fame!
Thy lengthened labors but with life laid down,
Thou hast ascended to receive thy crown!—
Like the Bereans thou didst seek and find,
The sacred tenet that confirmed thy mind!
And aided by the gentle helpmate given,
Disciples followed in their way to Heaven!
Foremost in missions—thou didst danger brave,
Casting thine all upon the boisterous wave;
And the more boisterous tide of human will,
'Till He who sent thee, whispered, "Peace, be still."
"Buried indeed with Christ," the sea received,
And sealed the tenet by thee long believed;
And when the sea its treasures shall restore,

Triumphant thou shalt rise, to sink no more:
On earth—all Christian sympathy is thine,
In Heaven—thy faith above the stars shall shine!

## CHRISTMAS.

AGAIN 'tis Christmas—and the daily board
With generous food and competence is stored,
And raiment covers us, and health is given;
These, the most needed, are the gifts of Heaven!
And with these "bread and peace" might be our lot,
Nor higher blessings ever be forgot;
And can we murmur, or shall fretting snares
Obtrude their visage—common household cares.
The lapse of years has snapt the circling train,
Some are removed—released from care and pain!
And hopes that were—like flitting visions fled,
Leaving some stern realities—instead!
On Thee, my God! still with unbroken trust,
I hang—for Thou art merciful as just,

Chastening for sin—retributive Thou art,
Drawing to Thee each dark rebellious heart,
If prone to evil—and to good so slow,
Then starting off—as does the " broken bow,"—
Were all of earth to gratify and please,
Still Christmas tells of better things than these—
A Saviour born—it sings a Saviour's birth,
And bids us leave behind the cares of Earth!

## PESTILENCE AT BERMUDA.

Alas! those summer isles once thought so fair,
Unsought, for many a charnel-house is there.
Salubrious breezes bade the stranger come,
Now, pestilential winds may warn him home!
The Cedar groves once offered health or cure,
No stranger foot now lingers—'tis impure.
The native trembles for his household care,
The arrow flies—perhaps, to enter there.
The dark contagion, who shall stop its course?
The mid-day death—who shall arrest its force?
The direful consternation—who shall tell?
One made short sojourn there—but not to dwell!
Known there, as here, parental love impelled,
And he—the victim in sad durance held!
The fate unshunned he met—and is no more!
He found a grave on that ungenial shore!

And others hoping health or love to meet,
But lo! the "mourners go about the street!"
Parents or children—weep for those removed,
'Tis done by Him, who must be found and loved,
Nor questioned by the thought, What doest
Thou?
Hereafter we may know—but cannot now!
The world is full of death in every form,
The Maker—is not questioned by a worm!

## ON A MILITARY CHAPEL.

A Temple—then a temple let it be,
The edifice erected by command;
Still Catholic, and pure, and firm, and free,
Rising—another Bulwark of our Land!

Wilt Thou, O God! its ministers inspire,
And dedicate to Thee—in all its parts,
And on its altar shed Thy holy Fire,
And take its offering of unnumbered hearts!

Oh! Thou whose lofty temple is all space,
Vouchsafe that this may be a favored spot,
And visit with Thy light and love and grace,
Those who may know—and those who know
Thee not.

May Christian soldiers raise a banner here,
Their aim Thy fear—Thy honored cause their trust;
Lift up Thy standard—guard them front and rear,
Their shield untarnished still—shall not be lost!

But late we gazed upon the Corner Stone,
And joined the breath of many a latent prayer,
That there Thy Praise might dwell, and Thine alone,
And unborn thousands seek Salvation there!

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

British and Foreign, who shall tell the bound,
Where suppliant nations may not yet be found!
British—ye lands of Christendom proclaim,
What winds have wafted you a Saviour's name!
Foreign—the darkling Savage in his den
Nor sees, nor seeks, the haunts of Christian men!
Yet there, where'er it works its widening way,
Doth the dark Savage see the Gospel day!
That faultless chart—that Book of its own name
Still traverses to make th' appointed claim.
Hear it, ye nations!—study its appeal,
Search its bright records—'twill the truth reveal,
The Star once seen shall shine in Heaven above,
Emitting glory, light, and pitying Love!
Then was He promised—now, He holds his place,

British and Foreign—all partake the Grace!
The infant Saviour—now a Sovereign King,
Worship before Him,—all your offerings bring!
Ye civilized—ye rude—your gifts impart,
And let the altar be your inmost heart!
No golden dust—nor gems—nor heathen pride,
"God is not mocked," these were but to deride.
Hear the "glad tidings" and your credence give,
Receive the word which says "believe and live!"

## THE NEW ARM-CHAIR.

Eliza Cook has sung her "old arm-chair,"
Till others love it and its praise declare,
Tell of its worth, in story or in song,
To teach the heart or entertain the throng!

Late chance has led a lesser rhymer where,
Most gracefully came in a "new arm-chair,"
Its motion easy—and its structure light,
Its color chaste—not dazzling to the sight!

Its framer called it a reform arm-chair,
A chair to think in or to "chase dull care,"
A household chair of worth and modest frame,
Deserving habitation, and a name!

I liked it—and might soon be brought to love it,
Had I the privilege to use or prove it;
But thus to occupy it who shall dare,
Since some have christened it—the Poet's chair!

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Yes! the bereavement sad and deep,
What mitigation can it know,
And hearts must feel, and many weep,
But, Lady—God would have it so!

Too infinitely wise to err,
Will for thee consolation find,
If thou to Him thy suit prefer;
No human power thy heart can bind!

Unpierced by any genial sun,
No human skill may there explore,
But He—the Great Almighty one,
Hath said "thy dead I will restore!"

And if thy heart be widowed still,
  Yet, Lady—thou can'st comfort know,
By meek submission to His will,
  Who "casteth out His ice and snow!"

## MAY FLOWER.

My own sweet little flower of May,
I'll sing for thee a simple lay,
And thou may'st peep, and blush, and smile,—
And many a roving foot beguile!

Sweet little flower—thou'rt ever found,
Like hidden treasure, underground;
Thy hiding-place, not deep, but low,
Thy covering oft,—the spotless snow!

Midst sparkling brilliancy thou'rt found,
Diamonds encompass thee around,
And yet no sordid wealth is thine!
Thou art not from Golconda's mine!

The young eye seeks thee, in thy place,
The artist strives thy form to trace,
Ah! treasure bright of childhood's day,
Bloom on,—sweet little flower of May!

## CORONATION OF VICTORIA.

What can I do—Victoria,
What should I do for thee?
But offer up a simple prayer
That thou may'st happy be!

While all the bright Regalia,
Is forming far and near,
It seems to me there might be shed,
For thee a silent tear!

Nor is the offering valueless,
Nor ever has it been,
A prayer—a tear—might yet avail
For England's gracious queen;

May all the "Homes of England,"
The merry and the gay,

In all their glee, and mirth, and joy,
Be proud of thee to-day!

May all the "Homes of England,"
So happy and so free,
With simultaneous heart and voice
Put up a prayer for thee!

May all the "Homes of England,"
Through every varying grade,
Now ask that Diadem for thee,
That Time can never fade!

As truth exalts a nation,
And Righteousness alone,
Can give a crown of glory,
May these be all thine own!

And while the proud Regalia,
Glitters o'er land and sea,
Victoria!—all that I may do,
Is, breathe a prayer for thee!

## WITH A GIFT BIBLE.

READ, mark, and learn!—as often as you look,
Digest the truths revealed but in this Book!
One prominent beyond the rest, you'll find,
A Saviour died to rescue lost mankind;
The law unbending seals the sinner's fate,
But love relents—the sacrifice how great,
My child!—this offered remedy embrace,
Read, mark, and learn, till you are saved by grace.
May God protect from each impending snare,
And grant the substance of a Mother's prayer!

## CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

One sweetly sang, "Bring flowers, bring flowers,"
The voice of spring obeyed,
They strewed them on her flitting hours,
Till on her breast they laid!

And she of the poetic prose,
How fearless was her flight,
She sang and wept for Erin's woes,
Deploring error's night!

Her sympathies were ever there,
Strengthened by ardent zeal;
Her floral friendships too declare,
She had a heart to feel!

Still higher has her spirit soared,
  Vision is lost in sight,
The flowers of Paradise restored,
  In worlds of endless light!

## THE LABURNUM.

This beautiful aristocratic tree,
Arrayed in pride, all conscious seems to be;
And though its blossoms may not touch the ground,
It holds companionship with all around.
Bending—not drooping, does each twig incline,
Greeting the humbler shrubs that round it twine,
Its graceful tassels pendent in the breeze,
With blended gold and green, seem Argosies—
Shedding a fragrance Mammon could not give,
Its clovery leaves in little trios live;
The humblest vale-flower still erects its head,
Beauty and perfume—emulous to shed,
But this fair tree o'erhangs each flower beside,
Trembling like quivering Aspen in its pride!
Can we the lesson or the moral scan,

For trees, and stones, and brooks, still speak to man ;
Tell him that should he reach some lofty stand,
If love and friendship still he would command,
He must exchange benevolence for love,
He must be friendly,—who would friendship prove.
Humility exalts—and thus may he
Dispense his smiles, like this Laburnum tree !

## ANOTHER CHRISTMAS.

Old Christmas! thou art growing old with me,
None of thy childish features can I see;
Thy step was buoyant, and thy forehead fair,
Now changed by many a strong-wrought line of care.
When thou wert younger all professed to see
That joy and mirth and pleasure came with thee!
The ringing laugh of children in thy train,
Haply unconscious of distress or pain,
Not dreaming of the changes that may be,
The lowering clouds that soon may darken thee,
Where kindly words and smiles were wont to greet,
Averted looks no friendly glances meet.
Spite of thine annual visits and thy cheer,
The course of rolling Time will not run clear,

Lo! the pale messenger will make his call,
Even in the precincts of the festive hall!
Deceptive are thy promises of good,
While shoals of evil thus around us brood;
And were it asked, where all thy good may be,
Old Christmas! thou must answer not in me,
But in th' event from which I date my name,
Lies the great antidote to sin and shame!

## ON RECOVERING A PAIR OF SPECTACLES SUPPOSED TO BE LOST.

Aids of my sight! I regretted to lose you,
And during your absence was under a cloud,
Though the young do not want, nor the middle-aged use you,
Yet I of your worth and your beauty am proud!

For just when I needed kind Providence sent you,
Thus casting on vision a luminous ray,
He prompted the friend who complacently lent you,
A friend whom I've known from my earliest day!

But oh! for the years when my eyes were unclouded,
When vivid and strong like the Eagle's my sight,

Yet still in those times was my judgment oft shrouded,
When light seemed as darkness, and darkness seemed light!

Thou God of my mercies—still purge my dark visions,
And "Light in thy Light" may I still ever see,
Still give me to view thee by faith, with contrition,
And may all I call mine be committed to thee!

## IN SORROW.

The Harvest-moon shines on that grave,
And he is gathered home—
There was a Saviour near to save,
And Jesus bade him come!

Yet even at th' eleventh hour,
The promise we believe,
The God of Love, the God of power!
Did in this name receive!

May I—a voluntary guest,
Still following this Guide,
Obtain the goal—the heavenly rest—
And in that rest abide!

A child of error and of sin,
Nothing I have to give—

Still would believe, and enter in
And with my Saviour live!

God of my life, I now disclaim
All title to thy grace;
But through the merits of that name,
Give me a name—a place!

## PRAYER.

Oh! I have prayed—and He has heard me pray,
And given to breathe the thing my heart would
say,
In confidence I asked and it was given,
And Prayer was made the key to open Heaven!
And He has whispered peace, and my glad heart
Has felt a joy it never can impart!
Oh! 'tis a tribute—take not that sweet sense,
Though other epithets be banished hence,
The humble suppliant's fervent, contrite prayer,
Shall never fail to meet His righteous ear!
The powerful plea—they never shall obtrude,
But, oh! the thrilling well of gratitude!
Oh! 'tis a tribute all that we can give,
To Him who kindly said "do this and live."
Ah! how unmindful have we ever been,

Though oft His mercies through His works are
seen.
How oft did He avert the fatal hour,
While jarring elements confessed his power,
By blessings showered, or salutary pain,
How has he lured—how called us back again.
My God! while life or breath or being last,
Accept my tribute for thy mercies past!

## AFTER THOUGHTS.

The sunlight revisits—and still there is gloom,
As I tread o'er the footprints in every room,
As sadly I ponder that no more, for me,
Shall the prospect be bright while this vision I see.
That shadows must hover—each morning and night,
My heart is in sadness that shuts out the light!
Forgive me, my God—if despondency lower,
I never have doubted thy love or thy power.
Shortsighted and fickle, I hang upon Thee,
If ceasing from man, Thy hand may I see!
Oh, lighten my spirit—disperse the sad gloom,
Shed light on the prospect that leads to the Tomb.
Shall comforts be riven—Earth only can give,
Seal my Title to Heaven—that there I may live,

Where mansions are many—undarkened by gloom,
And those who once enter—will ever find room!

## TRUST IN GOD.

When affliction is brooding—and doubt and suspense,
May fever the heart to despair,
When tidings relieve you and gladness dispense,
Then what the first impulse—and where?

Up, up to the skies, whence help ever comes,
Our thanks and our offerings should rise,
There—the God of our help, and the shield of our homes,
And the source—that for ever supplies!

And when tidings are fraught with alarm and dismay,
And the heart sadly sinks to the dust,

Then how do we drive the dark presage away,
Where then is our hope and our trust?

Still up to the skies—for our safety is there,
With Him whose great care never sleeps,
For though we be brought to dismay, to despair,
Yet the keeper of Israel—still keeps!

Then still shall mine eyes ever turn to that Power,
Who guided the days of my youth!
Whose mercies surround me through every dark hour,
The fountain of goodness and truth!

When the cord shall be broken—the faculties fail,
And the heart and the flesh must decay,
His strength and His mercy alone can avail,
Till he guides to his mansions away!

## ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. R. LUSHER.

Who are these arrayed in white?
Standing now before the Lamb!
Fitted for the plains of Light,
By reliance on his name!

These from tribulations come,
Ah! how various and severe,
These have found their endless home,
They were only pilgrims here!

Such was he whom late we loved,
While our pastor, brother, friend,
From this scene of strife removed,
To one of glory without end!—

# POEMS

BY

## C. M. MORRIS.

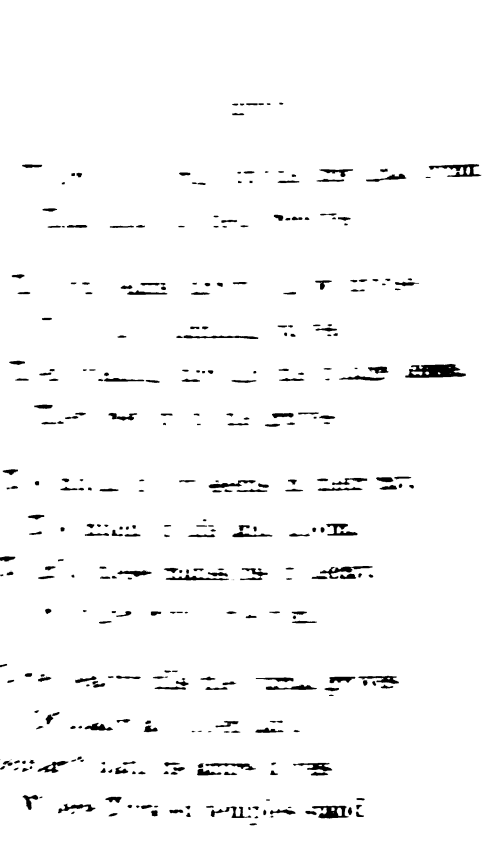
## GREENWOOD.

Here, in these green arcades they sleep,
  Oh! death, are these thy bowers?
Can lips grow mute, or fond eyes weep,
  In this domain of flowers?

The very light of summer falls
  Around it like a spell;
'Tis here that hoarding Love recalls,
  More than Love's records tell!

The icy tenure of the grave
  Seems here no power to know;
The gleam of every silver wave
  Hath such a tender glow!

Just flashing through the verdure dim,
  Of interlacing leaves;



* "Kashgar is famous for its beautiful blue doves, that flutter and fill through the burial-places."—Miss Pardoe's "City of the Sultans"

Passion, and power, and pride, and song,
And hope—lie slumbering here:
Could not the grasping earth prolong
All that it held so dear?

Could not the watching of despair,
That counts each fleeting breath,
The might of agonizing prayer
Avert thy shaft, O Death!

'Tis here that aching hearts have brought
From memory's countless store,
All the long-treasured tide of thought,
Till grief can bear no more!

'Tis here that lingering footsteps tread,
And turn once more to pray;
Oh! 'tis such partings with the dead
That wear the life away!

Oh! mortal heart, if such a flow
Of human love be thine,
How shall the ransomed spirit glow,
And bask in Love divine!

The " valley " bears no spectral hue,
The " shadow " is not deep :
Oh ! Thou who dost such sorrow view,
These chastened spirits keep—

Till landed on a shore of Light,
Where not one grave is known,
Where faith is lost in perfect sight
And joy around the Throne !

## "UN SENTIER D'OU JE NE REVIENDRAI PLUS."

I see a shining way,
A path all still and light,
A vision of unclouded day,
"There shall be no more night."

Life's surging billows roll
On to Infinity;
Oh! tempest-tost and weary soul,
"There shall be no more sea!"

I see a martyr-train—
"How long, O Lord, how long!"
Praise is the burden of their strain,
And worship is their song!

I see a pilgrim band,
A weary scattered flock:

But they shall stand at God's right hand,
Their Refuge and their Rock!

The lowly and the meek,
To Jesus surely known,
Oh! fervently this path they seek,
That leads them to the Throne!

The pure in heart who claim
"A City out of sight,"
Jesus shall call them by His name,
And save them by His might.

All who have borne the Cross,
His easy yoke have worn;
Earth's greatest gain have deemed but dross,
And braved its shame and scorn!

From its low valleys brought,
Its depths of woe and care,
Its stormy seas of troubled thought,
Its mountains of despair:

Its swiftly-changing skies,
Its years—a fleeting dream:

"Fulness of joy" for tears and sighs,
And "gladness like a stream!"

Oh! Death for ever past,
Oh! Life for ever found,
Ye spirits of the just—at last,
Ye tread the Heavenly ground!

All these the pathway tread,
Taught by His power and Word;
How happy are the righteous dead,
"For ever with the Lord!"

968619A

## THE CHILD OF THE ALPS.

She dwells where Alpine roses gleam,
  Beneath the glacier's dizzy height;
Her home is like some fairy-dream,
  A world of loveliness and light!

Sweet earnest eyes! that deem the light
  On which they gaze, the atmosphere
That Eden round Earth's brow of night
  Hath scattered—golden-hued and clear!

Her Parian brow that woos the breeze,
  Hath never ached with worldly lore;
But Nature's countless mysteries,
  Have gathered round her all their store!

Oh! tell her not of wasting ills,
  The grasping hand, the burning brow;

Her own illimitable hills
Shut out the earth's dark wrestling now ;

Tell her not of the City's din,
The panting throng—the crowded mart,
Grandeur or gain can never win,
One sigh from such a guileless heart !

The mountain summit's dazzling height,
Crowned with its pure untrodden snow,
Bathed in its broad supernal light,
Mocks the false pageant's glittering show !

Hark ! to the hunter's pealing horn,
From cliff to cliff the echoes sound ;
When from her rosy car the morn
Throws such a flood of radiance round !

Far in some dreamy haunt she strays,
To wile away the summer noon,
Or on her wild guitar she plays,
While peasants dance beneath the moon !

The moon ! that round her childhood's home,
Still loves to shed its softest light,

Oh! who could ever wish to roam,
From such a spot, on such a night!

Sweet Alpine maid! thine image fills
My spirit with its deep repose:
Beneath the shadow of thy hills
I ask—my wearied eyes to close!

## HOURS OF PRAYER.

Let it be morning—through the forests dim
And old ancestral homes the sunbeams stray,
Where the low breathing of some cottage-hymn
Yields its unfailing tribute—Let us pray!

Let it be burning noon—the panting flock
Seek the cool water-brooks where breezes play,
Be Thou "the shadow of a mighty rock"
In this a weary land—To Thee we pray!

Let it be sunset—when the winds are low,
And the last glories of the dying day
On sea, and shore, and mountain-summits throw
A dream of beauty—'tis the hour to pray!

Let it be Twilight soft—the pride, the power,
The passion of the earth have passed away—

Even in this sanctified and stilly hour
For the beloved and wept—To Thee we pray!

Let it be midnight deep—thine oracles
Unto the heathen-waters borne away—
Thy spirit shining on benighted hills,
Bid the idolater to turn and pray!

At morn, at noon, at sunset and at night,
Amid the darkness or the glow of day,
Teach us to worship at thy throne aright,
Father and Saviour!—unto Thee we pray!—

## MAY.

It is May—it is May, and I know that its bloom,
Will chase away all Winter's rigor and gloom;
Oh! I know that the wood-blossoms, dewy and bright,
Beneath the old roots will steal out to the light!

'Tis a glorious month for the poet and bird,
And I doubt me if ever a sweeter were heard
Than the one that sings high on the old chestnut bough,
That so lovingly droops round my window-sill now.

Oh! leave the dull hearth—for why will ye linger,
With pale aching brow, or swift-flying finger,

Throw the work quite away, leave the pen's
tardy motions,
All the dreamy new books will make good
sleeping potions.

I should know it is May without any cipher
Of Calendar months, by our joyous old fifer,
Who strolls through the village as if the rude
fife
That clings to his lips, were the solace of life!

I should know the glad month on this glowing
day,
By the urchins, half-crazy with marbles and
play,
And either the sun seems to wear a new
splendor,
Or pen-wearied eyes are becoming more tender.

But sometimes old Winter to make the folks fret,
Steps in upon May—just for one pirouette,
A snow-drift or hail-storm or something of scurry,
To let us all know he's not off in a hurry!

Rude Winter! all ice-bound and stern as thou art,
There's something about thee that clings to my heart,
With thy warm curtained rooms, and thy bright social faces,
Where one can sit down without studying graces!

There's the table so filled with food for the mind,
That the food for the body is half left behind,
Till some Epicure-spirit sweeps off in a freak,
Some silvery verse, or some sour critique!

Then the new books, I love them, whenever they come,
Without any brown mark from a finger or thumb,
That shows how some pale snuffy student before
Hath purloined all their treasure to add to his store.

But May is a sad month, whenever we find
What long sunny Mays we are leaving behind;
And many a slab in the churchyard will say—
Our brightest—our dearest we buried in May!

Oh! May is the season for roaming or rest
Through the wild-wood—whichever may please
you the best,
With the blue sky above and the moss for a
throne,
You may fancy wild Nature's sweet kingdom
your own!

Yes! seated for hours in some dreamy nook,
With a silly new song—or a wondrous old
book,
The song is one's own, and collected with
care,
But it puts you to sleep—in spite of the air!

But the twilight's broad shadows are deepening
round
I am far from the homestead and tread fairy-
ground.
I think I see Elves—but perhaps they are
spiders,
Some brave pigmy knight with a train of out-
riders!

There's the "Star in the sunset," how gleaming
and still,
Like a rich, blazing gem on the brow of the hill,
In the language of stars, I suppose it must say,
I am shining so brightly in honor of May!

And there's the May moon! Oh, pale pearly shell,
Your topic is old—how old, I can't tell;
But after the great Master-Poet, 'twere vain
To trespass on any peculiar domain!

But one word I must say, as we part at the gate,
And it shall not be long—for it is growing late;
Though perfume and roses are coming with June,
I shall never forget thy soft guidance, May Moon!

## SLEEP.

When the lone heart is sad, and the heavy brow
flushed,
And earliest hopes are all blighted and crushed,
When the eyes are too weary even to weep,
Is there one blessed balm, like thine, gentle
sleep!

There is not a spirit so soothing as thine,
To the watcher thou'rt grateful though daylight
may shine,
And though sunbeams dance gaily on flower and
tree,
The worn mariner snatches one hour for thee!

The mourner hath welcomed thee—even in grief
Thou hast closed the sad eyelids and given relief.

We bless thee in health—sickness bends to thy
power,
Thou art nature's best gift and Heaven's last
dower!

## THE POET'S PEN.

'Twas but a reed—swayed by the wind,
Its first wild music was the roar
That Ocean surges leave behind
When hastening from the lonely shore!

It was a bleak spot—not one ray
From Eden's throne of light and love,
To guide me on my devious way,
To lead me to the home above!

I grasped the reed with trembling hand,
While through my heart the impulse stole,
I'll make this stern and barren strand,
Ring with the music of my soul!

I sought the lore that sages seek,
The magic strains that Poets dare;

I found my notes all cold and weak,
My song had never turned to Prayer!

I sung Creation's earliest beam
Flushing Earth's old Historic climes,
Where ocean-girdled cities gleam,
Filling the air with Sabbath chimes!

I sung the Day-Spring clear and bright,
I sung of Summer's glowing noon,
Of Tropic skies, all warmth and light,
I sung beneath an Arctic moon!

Of the lone Polar sea I sung,
Locked in its adamantine chain,
Soulless and damp—with Lyre unstrung,
As if the burden froze the strain!

I sung of pristine Founts that drain
Their waters from some classic sea;
Of Naiads on the moonlit main,
Of Dryads by each sylvan tree!

I sung of Ocean's glittering isles,
  Of the broad Earth's too changeful skies;
But not one note my heart beguiles,
  Though dipped in warm prismatic dyes!

All luring sights and sounds I tried,
  The genius and the gems of Time,
The very world I deified,
  Flung back for ever death's dull chime.

Too much I worshipped light and song,
  Too much, beneath such starry skies
As round those dreamy spirits throng,
  When watching with a Poet's eyes!

Too much,—forgetful of the Head,
  The Fount of light and joy and bloom,
Therefore my numbers—cold and dead,
  Rung out a wailing from the Tomb!

Lips that are steeped in song must bring
  Their votive offerings to some shrine,
Pray that the world's false idols cling
  Not fondly—dreamer—unto thine!

I asked, how earnestly I sought,
The spirit of a better prayer;
The wild sirocco-glare of thought,
Swept by, and left me suppliant there!

## RESPONSE TO THE POET'S PEN.

Still let this instrument transcribe,
  Still let your "song be turned to prayer,"
Still let your grateful heart imbibe
  The surety of Almighty care!

Too infinitely wise to err,
  Chastening in love, but not unkind,
He visits but to save and spare!
  Trust, and you will protection find!

The reed that you may wield or use
  Offers, that you its aid may take;
But lean not, nor its frailty choose,
  Lest haply it may bend or break!

And many a gourd will meet your way,
  Spring up, and flourish high and fair,

To cheat your eyes—but will not stay—
Put not your whole dependence there!

Seek you the Rock, its shade will last,
Will keep you still unharmed and sure!
Its shelter is from ages past—
To endless ages shall endure!

That Hand in all your devious way
Has guided and has helped you through;
Has been your best support and stay—
Can prosper all you strive to do!

Then trust Him still, and Him alone,
There is no other prop to save!
He is the great Almighty One!
The only victor of the grave!

M. M.

## MOONLIGHT.

Thy peaceful light now hovers like a spell
On the pale brow of many an anxious sleeper,
Awaking tones remembered long and well,
When memory first became hope's faithful keeper!

An earnest accent—a remembered glance—
A token given—or a vow received—
Now gather round with fond resistless trance—
In daylight doubted, but in dreams believed!

Should day dispel the hope that slumber gives,
Should light and sun such influence deny;
Oh, in such happy hour the dreamer lives!
In sleep we hope—in certainty we die!

## ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Nor on earth's cold cathedral walls,
Where the pale sunlight sadly falls;
No mural record there is kept,
Beloved one, too fondly wept!
Thy grave lies where the autumn breeze
Moans to the mourner's sympathies;
Where many a history of love
Fills the full throbbing heart above;
Where the last ray of sunset streams
On memory's undying dreams.
We look for mirth, unchecked and free,
But thy sweet song is hushed with thee!
A tuneful sound, a ceaseless ringing,
Unto the mother's heart still clinging!
The music of thy childhood's tone,
That speaks of thee—of thee alone!

We know that thou hast found that home
Where grief or yearning never come,
But mortal and rebellious tears
Must weep the promise of thy years!
Yet through the still, the breathless gloom,
That hangs above thine early tomb—
Above the thoughts that, mourning, err,
Like light upon a sepulchre,
Faith for the lost, the early riven,
Asks but thy home, beloved, in heaven!

## TO THE ABSENT.

Thou hast made thy home in a stranger clime,
Where bright blossoms spring beneath the lime,
Where the perfume of every eastern flower,
Too rich for our cold and northern bower,
Hath wooed thee to leave thy childhood's band
To seek for change in a distant land!

Doth not a cool breeze ever bring
One thought of thy kindred sorrowing?
Of hopes that were breathed for thee in youth,
Of vows that were pledged in the holiest truth;
Of prayers that were sent on the distant wave,
In safety to guard thee—in danger to save?

Yes! the wanderer claims the most earnest prayer!
Doth a kinder voice await thee there?

Doth not absence give a deeper tone
To thy latest words, unforgotten one?
Is not the heart's fondest fealty
That which can trust thee by land or sea?

## UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

We hear its low and dreamy tone,
Like some sweet angel-spell,
Among the wood-haunts wild and lone,
Where the young violets dwell:
Where the deep sunset-flush hath thrown
Such glory on the sea;
We linger for its ceaseless moan,
That wordless melody!

The primal world its echoes woke,
When first the ardent sun,
In all his freshening Day-spring broke,
His regal race to run.
It floated through those lonely skies,
Each immemorial hill,
Where now such countless cities rise,
The might of human will!

The caverned depths of the wild sea,
That gather in their lair,
Such shrieks of mortal agony,
Such pleadings of despair:
Upon their turgid billows wreathed,
Such lulling strains have sped,
As if their charnel-waters breathed
No requiem for the dead!

Oh! Earth hath not a lonely plain
Unblest by mystic song,
The diapason of the Main,
Its anthem to prolong:
The seaman in his home-fraught dream,
Upon the moon-lit waves,
Hears in its undulating stream,
The music of sea-caves!

Through Hippocrene's violet fount
The haunting spirit rung;
To every old Thessalian mount
Its storied legends clung;
It filled the lone Bœotian hills,
With fabled visions blent;

And murmured through the Pythian rills
A melody unspent!

An incense-breath upon the wind,
For morning's glorious dower,
A fairy-spell the heart to bind,
At noontide's languid hour!
A voice the forest-child hath sought,
By every glade and stream,
But most at twilight's hour of thought,
Half-shadow and half-dream!

A song upon the summer-prime
Of gladness and of praise;
A voice that bids the vintage-time
Its choral tribute raise:
A tone ubiquitous and free,
A deathless Music given,
A strain of Immortality,
An attribute of Heaven!

## STANZAS.

They deem this anxious, restless heart,
Which cannot from thy memory part,
The hope unquelled, which everywhere
Is haunting thee with earnest prayer,
Th' unceasing thought—the sudden tear,
The words remembrance holds so dear,
The vow so lightly pledged by thee,
—They deem them all unfelt by me!

But smiles unconsciously may rise,
And light may beam from tearful eyes,
And lips too mute may wake again,
Though murmuring a mournful strain;
And many a brow which sorrow shades,
And many a heart which grief pervades,
May waken at affection's call,
Mourning but one—yet loving all.

## REALMS OF THOUGHT.

Do ye ask of the bounds of thought's princely
domain?
Ye may seek of the Ocean depths—asking in
vain!
Ye may dream of the gems of a thousand bright
seas—
It hath treasures as countless—far richer than
these:
Wild, wild is its fancy, and fitful its flight,
It hath scaled the bright stars, it hath climbed
Heaven's height,
It hath peopled all visions of Time and of space,
Oh! what a vast globe doth its empire
embrace,
The hot breeze of the South hath not stifled its
breath,

The North's chilling wind hath not steeped it in death!
The billows of Life have not quenched its deep tone,
For it speaks with a voice which the lip hath not known!
The tablet of memory, of hope and of truth,
The proud light of the eye which dies not with youth!
Ah! who can recount all the treasures of thought,
The dreamer by whom it is worshipped and sought!

## FRAGMENTARY POEM.

FIRST VOICE.

Methought, mine own, that hand in hand,
We stood at the gates of that holy land,
Where joy is a deep and unfathomed river;
An Ocean-stream that flows on for ever.
Methought, mine own, that we listened long,
To the tuneful sound of a spirit song,
That spoke of paths too fair and free,
For the step of mere mortality!

When fancy veiled her glowing sun,
And the daylight of my dream was done;
When hushed was that mystic melody,
With a thoughtful brow I looked on thee!
Affection prayed that hand in hand,
We might win our way to that holy land,

Where joy is a bright and unfathomed river,
A golden stream that flows on for ever!

SECOND VOICE.

As thus we stood—as I gazed on thee,
As we heard the deep song of Eternity!
That strain which speaks with a ceaseless tone,
Of glory revealed to the pure alone;
As we caught one glimpse of that portal fair,
Which glistens for ever in radiant air,
I thought shall our earthly homage win,
A home which the just scarcely enter in!

Ah! no, for the heart's fondest tribute here,
Must be followed by many a contrite tear;
The undying blossoms of Paradise,
May never be tainted by mortal sighs:
No chilling breath from the world below,
Shall dim the spirit's immortal glow—
By our idols wept—by our sins forgiven,
Alone may we enter the gate of heaven!

## STANZAS.

### A WAFTED THOUGHT.

It kissed the sunbeam as it crept,
  A recreant through our green arcades;
Within the lily-cup it slept,
  Beneath the twilight's mystic shades;
From quietude it stole a grace,
  From song its liquid tones divine;
An image on my heart I trace,
  In burning words—thine, only thine!

From coral caves, where Naïads dwell—
  From sunset-clouds, those bowers of light—
It sought a glory and a spell,
  That only magic types indite!
From torrid climes the warmth it caught,

From starry skies its words of fire;
Enthroned in every hope and thought,
The music of my trembling lyre!

From glittering waves that flash beneath
The weight of costly argosies,
This, freighted with its hopes, I breathe,
With song and perfume on the breeze!
Sun, seas, and stars, their tribute lend,
To waft the ardent-speaking line,
A priceless answer back to send,
On Iris wings—thine, only thine!

## MEMORY.

Thou breathest in the summer wind,
  Quelling each throbbing heart,
Oh! power mystic—undefined,
  In what hast thou thy part?

Thy watch too faithfully is kept,
  Above the early tomb,
Yet where our lonely voices wept,
  Thy spirit doth illume!

With tone impalpable, yet true,
  By every dreamer sought—
The very tears to memory due,
  Are sanctified by thought!

By thought, which hallows every hour,
  To those beloved and mourned,

A fearless and a cherished dower,
Which grief hath never scorned!

Yet dost thou bear a happy tone,
A breath of many flowers—
The winter wind hath not a moan,
To chill affection's hours!

Thine own perennial light doth throw,
Its halo on the heart,
As day's intense and dying glow,
In glory doth depart!

## CHANSON POUR LE PEUPLE.

Is it some Pæan Song,
A deathless note and free,
A call from th' unconquered throng,
The voice of Liberty ?

The warrior's latest breath,
The poet's earliest dream ;
The patriot's garland—crowned in death,
Imperishable theme !

It fills the summer air,
With a thousand thoughts untold,
Binding the heart with a link more rare,
Than the weary thirst of gold !

On many a battled hill,
And old historic shore,

## SONG.

They saw me coldly from thee part—
Oh! could they see the bursting heart,
That rends and looks so calm—disguised,
They would have known how much thou'rt
prized!

They would have known, though thou art gone,
Remembrance breathes one trusting tone!—
And hope which lives through grief and pain,
Echoes thy words, "We meet again!"

## TO THE ABSENT.

I look for thee—when sunset steals
  Upon the crimsoned sea!
When all the glory it reveals
  Wakes but thy memory!
When the night-bird's deep harmony,
  Upon my lonely ear,
Seems but a voice which breathes of thee,
  A voice which calls thee here!

Oh! in thy restless wandering,
  Do thoughts of other years,
One shadow on thy spirit bring?
  Doth absence cause thee tears?
Doth every perfume on the breeze,
  Each kindly, earnest tone,
Awake the cherished memories,
  That speak of thee alone?

No token of thy presence yet,
  No treasured tribute now ;
We've gathered the last violet,
  But—wanderer, where art thou?
The autumn brings its golden days,
  Its holy harvest moon!
For thee—for thee, my spirit stays,
  At morn, at night, at noon!

## TO THE OLD YEAR.

WHAT are thy records—departed year;
Are they filled by earth's wailing or song?
Hast thou gilded the pageant, or wept by the bier,
Or flushed with the victor throng!

Where thy lingering shadows dimly fall,
What haunting memories rise,
Till the wearied heart the dreams recall,
That lighted thy golden skies!

Yes! some have gloried—but some have wept
Beside Hope's ruined shrine;
And their puerile visions have vainly kept,
'Till they deemed them half divine!

But the world's cold wisdom chills the gleam
That lures us so wildly still,

The false mirage of the desert stream,
No burning lip to fill!

Around thy wasting bowers we seek,
The dying perfume shed:
Like the famed Rose-gardens of the Greek,
Bequeathed unto the Dead!

The proud archives of Time grow dim,
Through the hoary waste of years;
And History's old heroic hymn,
Breathes of a Nation's tears!

But thou hast swept on in thy fearless flight,
Thy pathway of triumph and gloom;
Bathing the fountains in living light,
But wailing around the tomb!

O'er many a dark and mortal plain,
Thy spirit voice hath past,
A Pæan for the mighty slain,
But their sleep is stern and fast!

Fast—where thy storm-gusts rushed in wrath,
Still—where the violets lie!

Dreamless—beneath thy wintry path,
Or thy radiant summer sky!

Capricious Year! thou hast brought to all
Some shade of joy or woe;
To the lonely hut and courtly hall,
Thy mourning and thy glow!

Thou hast filled with song the murmuring rill,
And the upland with thy gleam!
But where is the vacant one to fill
The hope of our waking dream!

Will it be restored when the summer winds,
Light up the lurid sky—
When the dim Ice-monarch the chain unbinds,
Of his prisoned Heptarchy!

A long Farewell! for thy task is done,
Thou grave of the buried Past!
And may we welcome the coming one,
As warmly as the last!

## TOUJOURS LE MEME.

Toujours le même! with lingering spell,
Upon mine ear the accents fell—
With such a tone, with such a poer,
As only fills the parting hour!

'Twas under such a starry sky,
Of June—all light and minstrelsy,—
Ah! fondly to my heart they came,
Those whispered tones—Toujours le même!

I watched his white sail on the wave,
I knew his heart was true and brave,
In wafted words his promise came,
A billet sealed—"Toujours le même!"

Ah! me—this is the very night,
Of June again—all song and light—
I soon shall bear another name,
And find him still "Toujours le même."

## ON THE DEATH OF TWIN CHILDREN.

When the morning in its gleaming,
Stole upon the dull earth's dreaming,
Folding back Night's dusky portal,
To the gaze of every mortal,
Mantling with its opal glory,
Sea-girt steeps and mountains hoary,
Turning to a glowing palace,
Every dewy wild-wood chalice,
Flushing with a light from Eden,
Haunts of beauty—lone and hidden,
Then it was—our little treasures,
One deep joy in added measures,
Came to our untold caressing,
From the Fount of every blessing!

Lent to lighten half our burden,
Of each toilsome day the guerdon,

Given to the deep affection,
Suppliant for thy full protection;
Wreathing smiles, still bright before us,
Lisping tones for Heaven's chorus,
Eyes that in their earnest watching,
Seemed some glimpse of glory catching!
In thine own afflatus waking,
Hear we not their voices breaking!
Father! thou hast heard our pleading,
Take them—Father—at thy needing;
Take them by the love that sought them,
Take them by the price that bought them,
Low the bed our blossoms lie on,
But their spirits rest in Zion!

When the morning in its gleaming,
Woke the dull earth from its dreaming,
Folding back Night's murky portal,
To the gaze of every mortal,
Filling with its sudden glory,
Sea-girt steeps and ruins hoary,
Turning to a glowing palace,
Every dewy wild-wood chalice,
Flushing with a light from Eden,

Haunts all silent, lone, and hidden—
Then it was each little treasure,
By the love that knows no measure,
Past all suffering and all sighing,
Wafted to a home undying,
Past the pure and pearly portal,
Past the shining ranks immortal,
Past the prophets and the martyrs,
To the Fount of "Living Waters."
Father! they are thine, not ours—
Jesus! take our folded flowers!

## CONSUMPTION.

Through the valley gently lead her,
Where the darkening shadows fall;
Teach us that thy love doth need her,
Make us ready at thy call!

Day by day we see her wasting,
Day by day to us more dear;
Even now her soul is tasting
Of the "Living Fount" so near!

Even now on death's cold portal,
Doth a light from Eden stream,
Waftings from those wings immortal
That have known no earthly gleam!

Even now we feel the yearning,
That which looks so long, in vain;

That which knows of no returning,
Till we meet our lost again!

Make her grave a bloomy meadow,
Where the quiet sunbeams lie;
Through the "valley of the shadow"
Guide her to her home on high!

Shall we call it death—this breaking
From life's dark receding shore;
Softly now the day is waking
That shall know of night no more!

By the fount and through the meadow,
Where thine own worn feet have trod;
Through the "valley of the shadow,"
Jesus! lead her home to God!

## THE PYTHONESS.

Is it of summer's affluence she dreams,
Of some wild haunt beside her native streams
Rich with historic legends?—Ah! too fair,
Th' Arbutus sheds its full aroma there;
Too glowingly the sunset lingers still
Upon the Theban wave—the classic hill;
For that pale Prophetess—for there 'mid fame,
The silent homage, or the wild acclaim
Of thousands—she hath turned to weep,
To sigh for some lone grave of quiet sleep!
—Ask not the gifted of their loneliness,
A spirit-song that breathes of Earth's distress;
The heart a wasting—grasping crucible,
Where visionary thoughts for ever dwell—
A Memnon-life—with that mysterious strain
That wakes at morn to die with day again;

In earth's unconscious crowds the soul is spent
With its own dower—deep and turbulent!
Yet were her dreams of home—of happy hours,
When inspiration woke amid the bowers
Of childhood—of the Linden tree,
Beneath whose shade her own rapt melody
Rose with a burning and subduing tone,
A voice oracular—as yet unknown
To the young Sybil—till that voice became
A proud inheritance—a Delphic name!
—No cypress waves above her lowly tomb,
'Tis not the haunt of sorrow or of gloom,
But loving voices gather round to bless
The last repose of that sad Pythoness!

## MOTTO FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONTRIBUTION AT EASTER.

FATHER! these poor offerings take,
For our loving Saviour's sake;
For His sake, whose dying prayer
Filled the Galilean air;
Where his weary footsteps trod,
Suffering man—Incarnate God!
Where His agonizing cry
From the cross of Calvary!
Doth in pleading accents ring
There unto the cross we cling—
Taught by thy renewing word,
Purchased by our risen Lord!

## SUNLIGHT.

On the pure wave thy joyful beam is glowing,
Turning the billows to a flood of gold!
Thou Ocean alchymist, thy light bestowing,
On coral-caverns yielding wealth untold!

Yet canst thou enter where the lonely weeper,
Through the long hours of night hath watched and prayed,
Thy healthful light making such sorrow deeper,
Tinging the cheek where death's cold hand is laid!

On mountain paths thy happy light is streaming,
Throwing thy smile on ruins lone and old;

On forest-glades and cottages thou'rt gleaming,
Where wild flowers gladden as their cups unfold!

Yet in the dwelling of the poor forsaken,
Where sadness waits, and night brings double gloom,
Thy morning glow may light but cannot waken,
The lowly sufferer in his sunlit tomb!

## "NO MORE."

"No more!" Oh! what unuttered grief
Dwells in those chill, prophetic words!
The tomb of every warm belief,
They strike upon the heart's deep chords,
Like the faint warning of a dream—
The shadows from some mystic shore,
Where jewels flash—where roses gleam—
We hear the wailing tones—"No more!"

"No more!" The summer founts may throw
Their silvery music on the air;
The sunset lend its opal glow
To skies that seemed before so fair!
And such a flood of liquid light
May rest on mount, and sea, and shore,

## "NO MORE."

TURNED INTO LATIN ELEGIACS.

QUUM vox auditur "Finis," præsagus acerbi
  Spargitur inde mali per mea corda dolor:
Jam tum spes unâ sepelit mens fervida cunctas;
  Ima icti cordis debile fila sonant.
Ignotis umbræ rupisse videntur ab oris,
  Quâ gemmæ splendent usque micantque rosæ;
Aut tanquam admonitus in somnis lene susurrant,
  Sic mœstos referunt talia verba sonos!

Ah! licet argenteos æstate ardente sonores
  Lætior e gelidis fontibus aura vehat;
Ah! licet et Phœbus sedes devexus ad imas
  In medio fessos murice pellat equos:
Quæque olim tinxit memoratam vatibus Idam,
  Illa iterum blande lux juga cuncta lavet,

As bathed old Ida's classic height—
Yet some low voice shall say—"No more!"

"No more!" Throughout the boundless earth
They blend with Hope's fallacious dream;
They echo through the haunts of mirth,
A whisper of the past they seem:
Who hath not heard, 'mid light and song,
'Mid pageantry, and pride, and power,
Those spirit-voices round him throng,
That mock the glittering festal hour?

The heart is but a wasting mine—
An altar for some idol kept,
Till o'er the desecrated shrine,
The storm-gust hath too rudely swept!
A pedestal too wildly placed,
Flooded by every passing wave—
Recording vows so soon effaced—
A temple reared upon the grave!

The pest-worm feeds upon the rose,
The violet bears no deathless bloom;

Suaviter et fluctus per summos ludat, et oras—
Vox tamen his dicet languida "Finis adest!"

Quæ spes cunque sibi fallax insomnia fingit,
His vox tetra sonos miscuit illa suos:
Quâ jocus auditur lætus cantusque, pererrat—
Præteritos credas hanc revocare dies.
Quâ citharæ vigilesque faces genialia ducunt
Festa, nitentque opibus tecta superba suis,
Voces tam diras sibi quis non finxit adesse,
Ridentes hilaris gaudia blanda domûs?

Nil aliud, mihi crede, cor est, nisi marcida gaza:
Est tanquam falsis ara sacrata Deis;
Cui, quamvis sacra sit, non parcit tangere tempus,
Cumque gravi nimbo vecta ruina venit.
Fluctibus in mediis temere est quasi fixa columna,
Omnis quam vastis transilit unda minis:
Illic votorum sculpuntur nomina frustra:
Templum quis strueret, mors ubi avara latet?

Sæpe fit erucis rosa præda voracibus atra;
Fragrantis violæ pallida forma cadit:

What tints our morning skies disclose!
What darkness lingers round the tomb!
What memories of buried love!
What earnest tones for ever fled!
What yearnings for the world above!
What lonely vigils with the dead!

*Our* dead! Can such a voice arise
In rebel-grief upon the air?
The hosts that fill th' eternal skies—
What can *they* know of woe or care?
*Our* dead! Oh! who shall say "*our* dead?"
Released from this dark charnel-shore,
Hath not th' immortal spirit fled
To live, when time shall be no more?

Quàm varios ducit suavesque Aurora colores!
Fœdas quàm tenebras mors odiosa gerit!
Morte quis abreptos sævâ non plorat amores?
Et tot amicorum perdita verba dolet!
Discimus hinc cœli bona suspirare beati;
Hinc vigilare juvat, cara ubi forma sita est.

Ast ita cur querimur? Cur vox funesta supernas
In sedes misero missa dolore volat?
Nam quæ turba frequens cœlestes transiit oras,
Horum animos unquam cura dolorve premit?
Hanc quoque cur nostram volumus? Vox impia desit!
Mens procul ad proprias viva volavit opes;
Ex hominum properat communi læta sepulcro;
Nec, quum desierint tempora, morte cadet!

E. R. H.

## SONG.

Oh! breathe but one strain of thy magical numbers,
Though waking a hoard of affection long sealed,
Like the faint dreamy music that floats on our slumbers,
As sweet, yet as fleeting, the visions they yield!

Can the voice which hath echoed the spirit's deep yearning,
The words which recall every dream of the past;
Can the flame on Hope's altar, the censer still burning,
Be scattered or crushed while that music shall last!

## TO THE OLD YEAR.

"The spirit-walks of every day deceased."

WHAT of the dim and vanished year,
Its sunlight and its Song!
Chequered by many a smile and tear,
Among the restless throng,
Who looked upon its early hope
As some unchanging horoscope!

Through the long vista of its hours,
Its false and futile dreams—
We sought no radiance in its flowers,
No music in its streams!
Only some sad memorial kept,
Of all the visions vainly wept!

Time is the heart's Historian,
Its records sternly read,

Among the living haunts of men,
Breathe of the silent dead!
A golden sun lights up the tomb,
As if it bore no blighted bloom!

Earth hath its weary partings still,
Its sudden solitude!
What mocking tones of memory fill
The heart by Hope renewed!
What rushing fancies quickly chased,
Gleaming upon its darkened waste!

Who would live on unsought—unknown,
Without affection's dower;
The winter-wind hath not a moan,
To chill the hallowed hour,
That gathers round a kindred band,
All that its yearning thoughts demand!

But now some loving voice hath filled
Another home with song—
A joyous voice that ever thrilled
Amid our festal throng;

Like the lost music of a dream,
Our ceaseless—unforgotten theme!

We bend above the dreamy lore,
The earnest, glowing page,
That yields its tributary store
To student and to sage;
Weaving a wreath around the Lyre,
That kindles with its ancient fire!

Upon the altars of the Past,
Those visionary shrines!
A thousand thoughts are crowding fast,
A thousand refluent mines,
That linger with a latent spell
Above the dreams they loved so well!

The Past!—that with its haunting words
And rays of fitful light,
Thrills with unnumbered, nameless chords,
The willing Neophyte;
And blends its deep, enthralling tone,
With all that Fancy calls her own!

Though dimly on our changeful doom
  Another year may rise,
We look beyond the world's cold gloom,
  To fairer—brighter skies!
And ask a smile for every tear,
In this our New and Happy year!

## ON THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND AND PASTOR.

Pastor and guide, and pilgrim in the way,
Through all the "heat and burden of the day,"
Leaning on Jesus! thou the path hast led
By the cool water-brooks with verdure spread,
Unto that living fountain, cleft and free,
Sparkling with Light and Immortality!
Thy life a precept—and thy voice a strain
Of daily praise to Him for sinners slain!
We cannot say Farewell—thine accents ringing
With their fond cadence to our hearts are clinging,
Thy warnings and thy pleadings gathering round,
Shall fill the sanctuary's holy ground
With their undying echoes—whether kept
Close by the tomb, where even "Jesus wept,"

Or the deep grandeur which thy tidings gave
Of Him who trod the wild Tiberian wave,
Calling with Peter,—be Thou ever nigh,
Saviour! we perish—unto Thee we cry!
Earth hath her glowing sunsets and her gloom
To gild the sepulchre, and wreathe the tomb;
But thou hast pointed to that radiant sky
That bears no taint of dim mortality!
Oh! may we ever, by thy counsel taught,
Turn to the "mercy-seat" with blessings fraught,
And when the "vapor of our life" hath flown,
Join in the praise around our Father's throne!

## ON A PICTURE IN PASTEL.

'Twas a picture from home,—and I wept as I gazed
On the image my own trembling fingers had raised,
While day after day at the easel I stood—
And memory rushed on through my heart like a flood!

For I thought of a loved one, now low in the grave,
Of his gentle lips praising the power he gave;
Oh! his voice is still ringing a chime on my heart,
An old haunting music that cannot depart!

Could the canvas but tell the old story—so bright
With the hopes of my childhood, all written in light,

Then the long sunny history well might out-
weigh
The sorrow and sadness of life's chequered day!

It would tell of wide gatherings kept by the
hearth,
As free to the guest as the place of his birth,
Of the large heart that in its own bounteous
home,
Gave the warm proffered welcome to all who
might come.

It would tell of the kindness and friendship of
years,
Of the widow and fatherless smiling through
tears,
Of the pity responding to every claim,
Of blessings that rest on his time-honored name!

Yes! a picture all rich with the tints of the past
Is drawn on my spirit in colors so fast,
That Time's crushing fingers, essaying to steal,
Shall but deepen the impress of Heaven's own
seal!

## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

She died before the summer-dew
Had gemmed her early flowers;
She was the very light—the joy
Of all our household hours;
Her voice upon our evening prayer
Rose with endearing tone;
Oh! she was most beloved and fair,
—And now she rests alone!

Her early doom seems but the call
Of one to Earth just given;
A blossom of mortality,
But perfected in Heaven!
No grief had shaded her young brow,
No heaviness her heart—
A brighter home hath claimed her now;
—We prayed but strength to part!

The tear of sorrow unrestrained,
By time must be subdued;
Yet the fond cadence of her voice
Fills all our solitude!
With chastened grief—with mourning love,
Her latest haunts we tread;
Father! we know she lives above,
Though sleeping with the dead!

## VINDICATION OF RHYME.

Ah! never call the Poet mad,
  With moon-struck brain and soul of fire!
His strains can make the cottage glad—
  And festive-halls hang on his Lyre!
This world would be a sunless sea,
Without the light of poetry!

Ah! never call it idlesse all,
  Though high his soaring soul may rise—
His lowest murmur may recall
  The Iris-tints of memory's skies!
The tones are on my spirit set:
I cannot one sweet note forget!

I met him when a loving moon
  Looked down from such a sky as this!

'Twas on a perfumed night in June,
When dews began the buds to kiss!
His voice rung out upon the night,
In song that was a rare delight!

I saw him when the rosy day
Just touched the mountains—old and far;
The wealth of all his burning lay,
He told unto the morning star!
His earliest and his latest dream—
Till Nature echoed with the theme!

I heard him when the languid noon
Had stolen the very breath of song!
And quietude seemed all the boon
For which the weary heart might long—
His trembling fingers touched the chord,
And turned to music every word!

But thine, soft Twilight! was the lay
That hoards of thought and feeling kept—
When on the wearied eyes of Day
Thy shadows and thy perfume slept!

Ah! never doubt the mystic power,
When wakened at such Fairy-hour!

He stirs to deeds of high emprise,
  His spirit breathes in every clime—
And on the light of fairer skies
  He writes the characters of Time!
In his Immortalizing song
The themes of Heaven their strains prolong!

## DECEMBER.

Oh! do you remember the old-storied dreams,
That floated like music round childhood's December,
The wealth of its annals—the pride of its themes,
Its light and its festal song—do you remember?

No dark cloud could hover, no bleak wind could chill,
No shadow could rest on our joyous December;
Though hushed the deep wild-wood, and chained the pure rill,
Its glow and its gladness—Oh! do you remember?

There were voices that breathed with a fervor untold,
There were eyes of the violet's fathomless blue,

There were locks that the sunbeam just touched
with its gold,
Ah! better than all, there were hearts that were
true!

But do you remember how each fleeting year,
Hath severed some link from affection's bright
chain;
How each joy-freighted bark, with its lamp
burning clear,
Hath swept on to the whirlpool of sorrow or
pain!

Though the star of our promise be paling and
cold,
Though no prism cloud lighten Life's desolate
dream,
Oh! who would not turn to those fountains of
old,
That throw their pure sparkle on Memory's
stream!

## HOME.

Mine olden home! the sunlight gleams!
As fondly still upon thy streams,
But haunting tones of voices fled,
Seem but to murmur of the dead!

Lovely thou art! but like a pall,
The shadows now around thee fall;
The grave hath covered from my sight
All that once made thee fair and bright!

Amid thine old luxuriant vines
Something of sadness ever twines;
The hand that all their beauty won,
Lies cold beneath the summer sun!

The whispering leaves seem but thy breath,
Oh! stern, uncompromising death!

Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And bow beneath a chastening hand!

Father! to Thee I turn in prayer,
To thee alone the heart is bare;
Thou only know'st the clinging wild
That bound the parent to the child!

Thou know'st the chords that deep and strong,
Unto such human ties belong;
The sadness of this grasping love,
That faints to place its lost above!

Can it be that the lonely grave,
Holds all the joy thy true heart gave,
That eyes so filled by love untold,
Lie dim beneath the autumn mould!

When by that silent grave I wept,
What rushing mem'ries round me swept,
Our earliest childhood owned thy care,
Our names were on thy dying prayer!

Oh! gushing heart! most full and free,
All that thou wert to us – to me,
Through the long years remembered well,
This feeble record may not tell!

On Life's rough billows tost and spent,
Still were thy breathings heavenward sent,
For "shadow in a weary land"
To all thy scattered household band!

No tablet could thy virtues swell,
No death-scroll can our sorrow tell,
Yet are there moanings low and sweet,
That breathe their hope at Jesus' feet!

Such is our sorrowing for thee,
Our hope, that Immortality,
Whose amaranthine odors wave,
To chase the death-chill from the grave!

There—in that atmosphere of Light,
Where earth's worn forms are pure and bright;
Thou art! where Praise without one tone
Of mourning, floats around the Throne!

Be mute, my lips! be still, my heart!
For mortal tears must flow and start,
Fast by the throne, the cross my stay,
Jesus shall wipe our tears away!

## MY SCHOOL-ROOM.

Sometimes a place of care and toil,
From which my spirit doth recoil,
Where lessons fag, and ink-spots soil
Most sadly!
Sometimes a spot all bright with hope,
Some star in learning's Horoscope
Then gives my heart a freer scope
So gladly!

The blue sky looks so fair around,
The sunlight streams upon the ground,
But then—alas! I hear no sound
But spelling,
The hum for ever—like a mill,
Of chattering tongues I scarce can still,
Of many a wild and wayward will,
Rebelling!

My thoughts are sometimes far away,
Where breezes on the waters play,
And in the very light of day—
I'm dreaming
Of vines that round the homestead twine,
Of light that seemed almost divine,
Which made that very home of mine
So gleaming!

Ah me! I long to steal away
From heavy books—all worn and grey,
To wander where the sunbeams play
And quiver!
The broad horizon Love doth bound,
The depth that Love alone can sound,
But some are gathered to the mound,
For ever!

To hear the murmur of the woods,
To wander where the Oriole broods,
To stand beside stupendous floods
In vision,

When Earth seems but a pictured gleam,
On which those pearly portals beam,
Where my rapt spirit finds its dream
Elysian.

I love the bright eyes at my side,
And wonder where the restless tide,
Of thought and feeling shall abide
Now thrilling,
With such a fond reliant truth,
The very atmosphere of youth,
Which Time but proves a dream, forsooth,
In chilling!

Where all the wealth of feeling's hoard,
So vainly lavished—deeply stored,
So oft on crumbling altars poured,
Hereafter!
When Time's abrasive power shall bring,
Its shadow and its withering,
And tones be hushed that now but ring
In laughter!

I see them all—a goodly row,
And long my full heart to bestow,
With all its pulse, and all its glow,
Thus given,
A fount of song more hallowed still,
With deeper chords the heart to fill,
Yet subject to the holy will
Of Heaven!

I love to see the light that plays
From sweet eyes in their earnest gaze,
The tinge that on the bright cheek strays
Like roses!
Those peerless ones—that come with June,
That faint beneath the languid noon,
Exhaling where the crescent moon
Reposes!

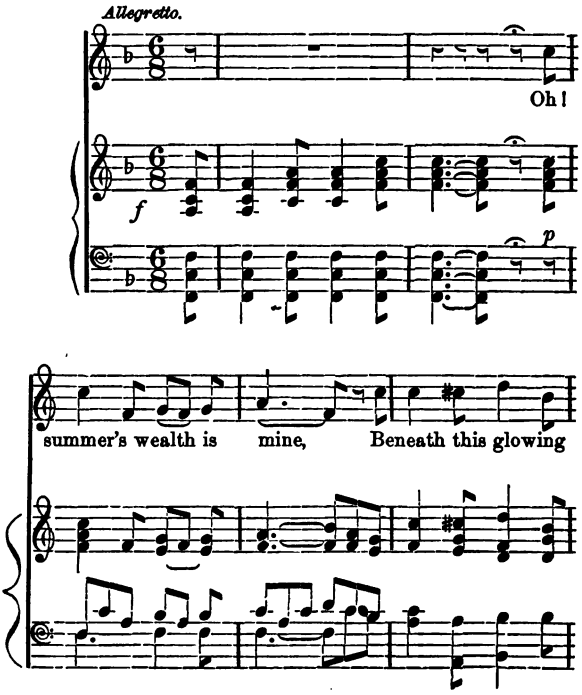
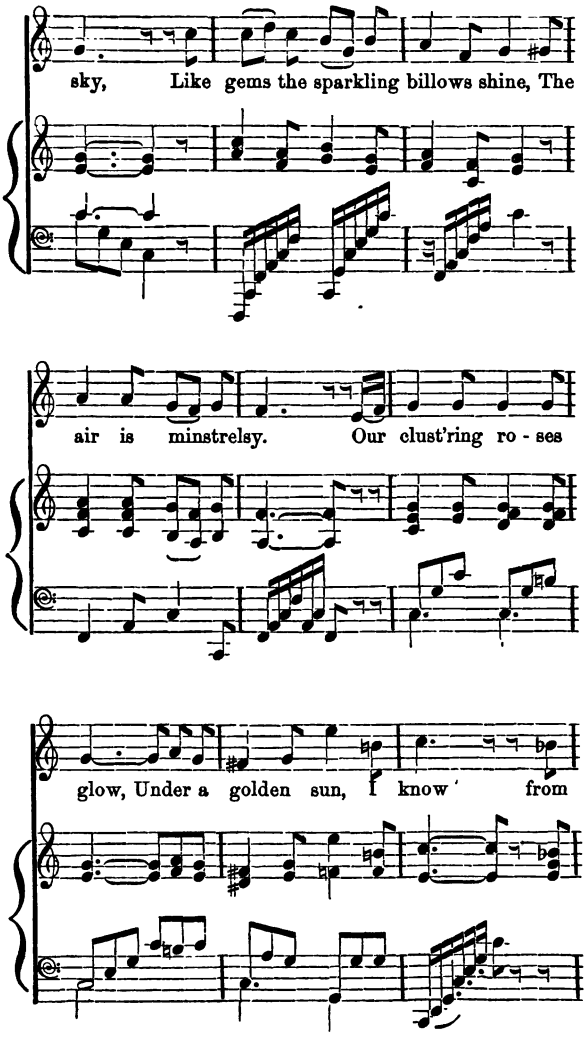
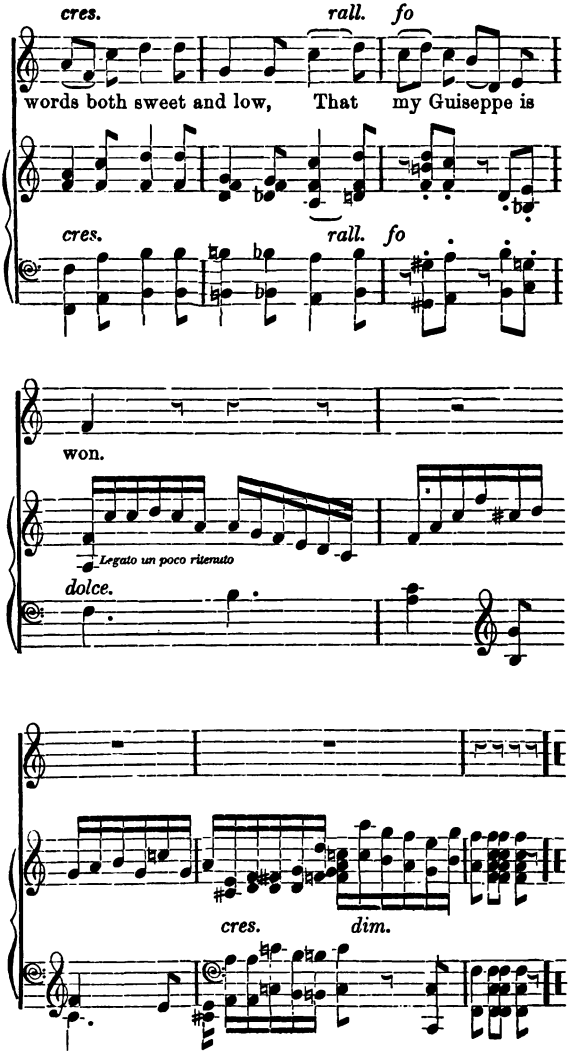
Ah! trust them not—those buds of light,
The very dew that made them bright
Shall turn to heavy tears by night,
In paling,

The brightest blossoms soonest fade,
The fondest hopes are lowest laid,
And tones that once sweet music made
Are failing!

Oh! may the sunlight softly stream
On these young brows, with chastened gleam,
Unscathed by Hope's fallacious dream,
Not riven!
But meekly bending to the blast
Of Earth's rude tempests—safely past
May they a haven find at last
In Heaven!

Through Life's broad highway, thickly spread
With many a snare—may they be led
Till faltering fortsteps firmly tread
The Portal,
Where not one shadow born of care,
Shall ever dim the radiant air,
Where this pent clay a form shall wear,
Immortal!

# SONG OF THE ITALIAN GIRL.

WORDS BY MISS C. M. MORRIS. MUSIC BY S. KNAEBEL.

sky, Like gems the sparkling billows shine, The
air is minstrelsy. Our clust'ring ro - ses
glow, Under a golden sun, I know from

cres.
rall.
fo
words both sweet and low, That my Guiseppe is
cres.
rall.
fo
won.
Legato un poco ritenuto
dolce.
cres.
dim.

2.

I met him by the sea,
On a soft night in June,
The glancing waves looked silvery
Beneath a loving moon;
A dream of beauty lay
Upon our own fair land,
And there, by that bright moonlit bay,
He claimed my trembling hand.

3.

I shun the dancers' throng
For the lone forest stream;
My lute rings out its joyous song,
And there I sit and dream.
He weaves the lotus flower
To wreathe my shining hair,
Earth cannot give a fairer dower,
For my Guiseppe is there.

THE END.